

The Historie of

A poore vnminde outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid giftes before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh,
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countrie wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'de the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole state:
To make that worse; suffred his kinsman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Henry the fourth

Indeede his King) to be ingag'd
There without ransome to lie for
Disgrac't me in my happy victorie
Sought to intrap me by intelligence
Rated mine vnckle from the crowne
In rage dismiss'd my father from
Broke othe on othe, committed
And in conclusion, droue vs to
This head of safetie, and withal
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance

Blunt. Shall I returne this an

Hot. Not so, sir Walter. Wee

Go to the King, and let there be
Some suretie for a safe returne againe
And in the morning early shall I
Bring him our purposes, and so I will

Blunt. I would you would accom

Hot. And may be, so we shall

Blunt. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbishop of York

Arch. Hie, good sir Mighell
With winged haste to the Lord
This to my coosen Scroope, and
To whom they are directed. If you
How much they do import, you

Sir M. My good Lord, I gesse

Arch. Like enough you do.
To morrow, good sir Mighell, is
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand
Must bide the touch. For sir, at Shrewsbury
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand
The King with mighty and quick
Meetes with Lord Harry: And I thinke
What with the sicknesse of Northumberland
Whose power was in the first part
And what Owen Glendowers absence
Who with them was a rated sinner

Indeed